
Title: The Lich of East Yew II

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A pale white hand
slowly reached out of
the coffin. The skin
that was stretched
tightly over the bony
hands, which glowed with
a light red color, and
bits of the skin were

flaking away,
revealing white bone.
The hand grasped the
side of the lid and
flung it against one of
the standing
walls, freeing the
gruesome thing from
it's prison. The body
that the hand belonged
to began to rise, it's
bones making
snapping sounds as
they stirred from
rest. Then it hit me...
the thing rising in
front of me was the
Lich from the
legends. As a child, I
heard terrifying
stories of a glowing
red Lich Lord who
rose out of his grave at
night to feast on those
who were foolish
enough to disturb his
rest. The legend says
that the lich was once
a powerful mage and
alchemist, who was
corrupted by the
desire to live forever.
The mage believed he
found the answer
after years and years
of hard work in his
lab. The potion he
believed would give
him eternal life did

its intended job, but in a horrible manner. After drinking the potion, the mage is said to have gone into a mad rage; killing his assistant and partially destroying his cottage before he committed suicide. The potion that made him insane, would also make him undead. Not long after the mage killed himself, people reported being attacked by a red lich Lord, who strongly resembled the crazed mage. The woods around the southeastern part of Yew have been shunned ever since, even though the story is now considered to be nothing more than a myth.

The thoughts about the legend and the red Lich Lord ran through my mind in a flash. Frozen in terror, I watched as the lich rose to his full height, towering over any full grown man. His eyes glowed a sickly greenish color as he stared down at me. As soon as he raised his hand into the air, my paralyzation from fear was gone, and instinct kicked in. I hopped to my feet and dove as far as I could, going into a roll to keep from hurting myself. I did it just in time ... seconds after i jumped away, the area where i had been was ablaze with magical fire. Not wasting any time, I quickly

regained my footing
and created a wall of
stone in front of the
Lich to buy myself
some time to make an
escape. I ran like I had
never run before in
my life. Looking over
my shoulder, I saw
the Lich break
through my feeble
stone wall, destroying
the magical bricks in a
shower of sparks.
The Lich laughed...a
laugh that I'll never
forget. It sounded like
a wheeze, the
scraping of many
bones, and the howling
of a dire wolf all
together. Hearing that
laugh only made me
run faster. I have no
idea how long I ran,
but I must have passed
out from exhaustion. I
awoke the next
morning in Minoc at
the home of a miner.
Apparently the fellow
had been on his way
home from Yew when
he saw me lying
unconscious near the
road. I thanked him
for his kindness and
offered to pay him,
but he refused. After
thanking him once
again for his help, I
departed for the
moongates. There
was no way in hell
that I was going to
walk that road back to
Yew.....